

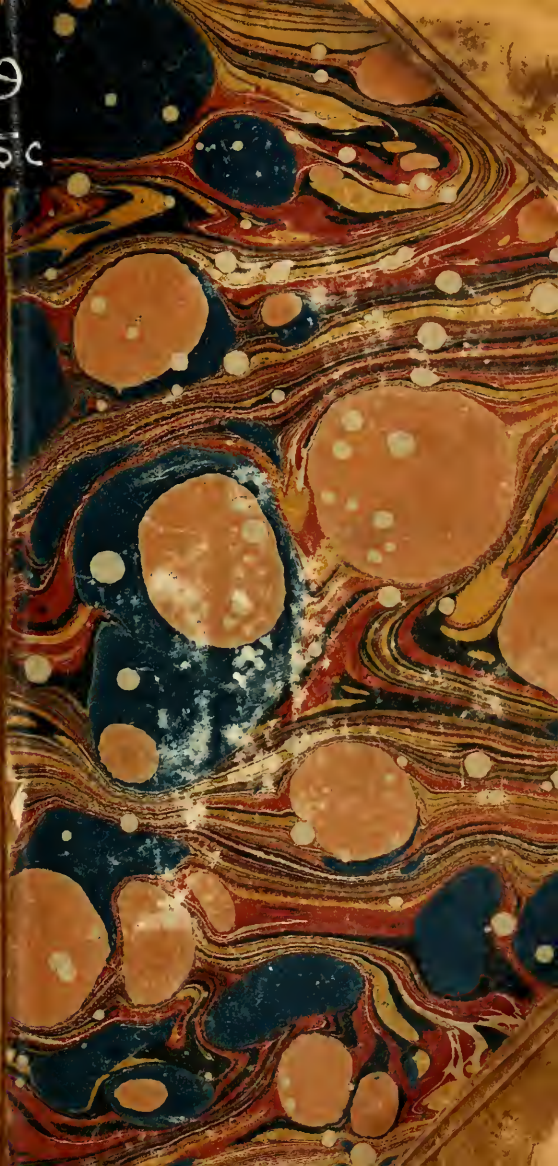
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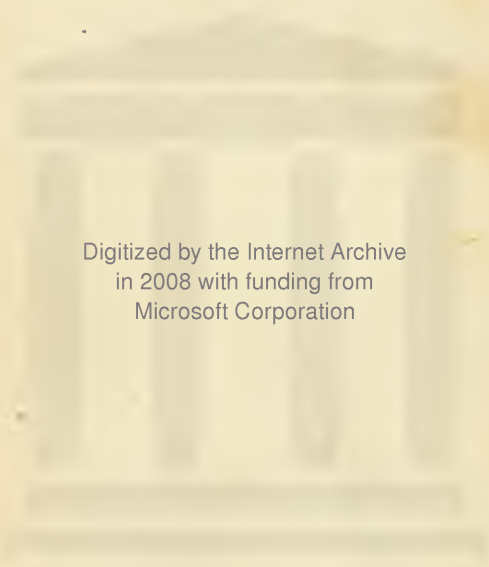


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THE  
CAPTIVE'S DREAM,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
JAMES TEAGUE.

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"Diversa, diversis placent."

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LONDON:  
JOHN GRAVELL, 3, CHARLES-STREET,  
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1844.

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## Dedication.

TO THOSE WHO,  
  
YOUNG,  
  
MIGHT BE EXPECTED TO SYMPATHISE WITH  
  
YOUTHFUL FEELINGS,  
  
AND  
  
TO THOSE WHO,  
  
OLDER,  
  
STILL CHERISH THE MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS,  
  
I DEDICATE  
  
THIS VOLUME OF POEMS.

5544



## INTRODUCTION.

THE following Poems, with the exception of the Captive's Dream and a few others, have already, at various times, appeared in print: the opinions expressed of them were favourable, and I have therefore hazarded publishing them collectively. It is true, that most of those who spoke in praise of my youthful effusions were personal friends, and might be expected to be somewhat partial, and more gentle in their criticisms than the public at large. They may have been influenced by the knowledge that my pursuits and engagements were anything but likely to foster the cultivation of poetry,—being, in fact, diametrically opposed to anything ideal,—and consequently have given more credit to my verses

than they deserved. Be this as it may, I have now thrown myself upon the public, who will judge solely upon the merit of the Poems themselves. If they are approved, I shall be fully repaid for the trouble bestowed upon them: if they are condemned, that condemnation, however unpleasant, may be salutary, inasmuch as it would probably deter me from rhyming any more.

I take the present opportunity of thanking the Editors of those publications who have, from time to time, given my lines a place in their pages; especially to the Editor of the "Monmouthshire Merlin" do I feel grateful, for his uniform kindness and attention, during several years, notwithstanding the many imperfections of my pieces.

To several friends I am indebted for valuable suggestions, in regard to the present volume,

and solicitude as to its success. I beg them also to accept my thanks.

Although the kind and indulgent reception my verses met with has not blinded me to their defects, it has, however, given me the hope that some little flower,—no matter how lowly,—may be found amongst the many weeds.

J. T.

*Coleford, Gloucestershire.*



# THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

---

## THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

FAR from the land that gave him birth,  
Without a charm to bind to earth,  
The Captive sat within his cell,  
In chains and darkness doom'd to dwell.  
No gentle voice or look had he,—  
No breast to share his misery,—  
No kindred, friend, or loved one near,  
To chase away the rising tear,  
Or sooth his bosom's deep-drawn sigh,  
With anxious care and sympathy:  
Yet has HE known,—that charm which flings  
Its halo round, like angels' wings,—

A home of peace, of love, and joy ;  
 A mother's fondness for her boy ;  
 A father's prideful smile, to see  
 That son all he could wish to be.  
 But soon, by fickle Fortune tost  
 In sorrow's sea, that charm was lost,  
 And many a year has pass'd since he  
 Enjoyed the sweets of liberty.  
 And weary years to him, I trow,  
 Are those that bring but pain and woe ;  
 And they have wrought a change in him,—  
 Have made his eye grow cold and dim,—  
 Have robb'd his cheek of health's warm glow,  
 And stamped deep wrinkles in his brow ;  
 The joys that warmed his breast are gone,  
 Each gilded beam of hope is flown,  
 And all the joys of early years  
 Are lost in sorrows and in tears ;  
 E'en thought, to him, but serves to show  
 How deep, how hopeless, is his woe.

Upon his cold, damp dungeon floor  
 He laid him down, while o'er and o'er  
 He glanced through mem'ry's mazy page,  
 From childhood's happy hour to age ;

And, oh ! the brightest gleam that stole  
 From joy's deep mine, to cheer his soul,  
 Was,—'ere ambition taught to roam,—  
 In musing o'er his childhood's home.

Oh ! when oppress'd with care and woe,—  
 When friendship's smile grows faint and low,—  
 When those you warmly cherish'd prove  
 How false their faith, how weak their love,—  
 When those with whom you've quaff'd the bowl,  
 And warmly mingled hand and soul,  
 Shall pass you by, nor heed you, now  
 Sadness is stamped upon your brow,—  
 The memory of early youth,  
 Of childhood's innocence and truth,  
 Falls on the heart like midnight dew,  
 And strengthens and revives it too,—  
 Bursts like a sun-beam on the sea,  
 And warms the breast as instantly,—  
 Gives lustre to declining age,  
 And gilds anew life's closing page.  
 Who does not deem his place of birth  
 The fairest spot in all the earth,—  
 Connected by a thousand ties  
 With all the heart's best sympathies ?

Who does not deem the flowers more gay  
 That blossom'd in his childhood's day,  
 And fancy that a sky more bright,  
 A softer eve, and calmer night,  
 Bless'd his youth's home ?—nor sigh to be  
 Banish'd that home eternally ?

Home ! there is magic in that word,  
 Tho' lightly utter'd,—often heard.  
 To me, it ever brings to view  
 A spot where hearts beat fond and true,—  
 Where friendship is no empty name,  
 And love is found a holy flame,—  
 Where all desires and hopes are one,  
 Like planets circling round the sun,—  
 Where every care and every sigh  
 Are rendered light by sympathy,  
 And pleasure ever fails to bless  
 While those we love are in distress.  
 Yes, this is home ; and, oh ! for me  
 The world can add no charm to thee.  
 Let others rove to distant isles,  
 Where heaven in brighter beauty smiles,  
 And fairer flow'rets greet the eye,  
 And balmier winds perfume the sky,—

Where mightier rivers roll along,  
 And bards pour forth a nobler song,—  
 Still I from thee will never roam,  
 Star of my heart,—my native home !

The Captive now has sunk to rest,  
 Tranquil his brow and calm his breast ;  
 Peaceful he sleeps, and, dreaming, roves  
 O'er boyhood scenes, with those he loves ;  
 Thro' tangled brake and shady glen,  
 And shares in all youth's sports again.  
 See ! a warm flush o'erspreads his brow ;  
 List ! his lips murmur, soft and low,  
 His Mary's ever-hallow'd name,  
 Thro' years of anguish loved the same.

Sleep on, and dream that thou art blest,  
 Welcom'd by friends, by friends caress'd ;  
 Relate the hardships thou hast known,  
 And smile to think those hardships gone ;  
 Tell them how joy had died away,  
 When, hour by hour and day by day,  
 Time rolled o'er thy captivity,  
 Nor brought one spark of hope to thee.

Sleep on, and dream of friends and home,  
 Of griefs all past and joys to come ;  
 Dream thou hast wander'd to that cot  
 Which time and misery ne'er could blot  
 From out thy mind, to see if she,  
 Who loved long since, still loves but thee,  
 And mark upon her cheek that blush,  
 View o'er her brow that deep'ning flush,  
 Watch her breast heave, and in her eye  
 The glist'ning, trembling tear descry,  
 And own that thou art still beloved  
 With love by years and absence proved.

The dream glides on ; and thou hast led  
     That maiden to the altar now,  
 And wreaths of flow'rets deck her head,  
     And love and joy sit on her brow.  
 Her hand is clasped in thine, her eyes  
     With boundless truth are turned to thee,  
 And thou canst boast a richer prize  
     Than the wide world's whole wealth would be.  
 Yes, she has laid upon love's shrine  
 Her heart and trust, a fairer mine,  
 And dearer should be deem'd by thee,  
 Than all the gems of Araby.

The dream glides on ; and years pass by  
     Swiftly, but still as pleasantly,  
 And thou in happiness hast seen  
     Thy offspring round thee young and gay,  
 Like ivy twining, fresh and green,  
     About the tree that feels decay ;  
 And thou and she are happy yet,  
 Though youth's bright glow of pride be set,—  
 Tho' age has traced its wrinkles o'er  
 The features hope had fired before.  
 What matter, if youth's joys be flown,  
 There is a pleasure only known  
 To age, to see the young and gay,  
 Nor envy them life's gilded ray.

Fond dreamer, cease : 'tis idle, vain ;  
 Awake to life, to woe and pain ;  
 Review thy dream, and then deplore  
 That scene of happiness is o'er.  
 Ah ! no : kind fate a boon hath shown,—  
 The *spirit* with the *dream* is flown !

## THE ROVER.

THE magic spell is broken  
That youth and beauty tied ;  
The farewell word is spoken,  
The farewell tear is dried :  
And I am wedded from this hour,  
And care for nought beside ;  
My own right arm my only dower,  
The whole wide world my bride.

I'll dream no more of loving,  
Nor gaze on woman's eye ;  
My thoughts shall be of roving  
Beneath the bright blue sky,—  
With heart, as free as ocean's wave,  
Heaving no care-worn sigh ;  
No more I ask,—no boon I crave,—  
Possess'd of Liberty.

## THE MISANTHROPE.

THEY tell me I'm a misanthrope,  
 And trifle time away :—  
 I've nought to fear,—I've nought to hope,—  
 And why should I be gay ?  
 Man's life, at best, is but a shade,  
 And all his joys but bloom to fade.

Let those whose bosoms never knew  
 How false the world's caress,  
 With ardent, constant care pursue  
 The phantom, *happiness* :  
 I've felt its scorn and known its slight,  
 Its faithless smile and withering blight.

## TO A LADY.

LADY, when first I saw thee, thou wert young  
 And beautiful, beyond all power to paint,—  
 A sun-beam, playing the thick clouds among,  
 A child of earth, without earth's with'ring taint.  
 Thine image ne'er has faded from my mind,  
 But, with the wishes that to life can bind,  
 It rises vivid to my eye, and gives  
 The only charm for which my spirit lives.

I've mingled in the busy world since then,—  
 Known its deceits, and felt its sland'rous tongue ;  
 I've seen base envy shade the hearts of men, [strung,  
 And friendship's tie grow cold, love's chords un-  
 The bad man rise to power, and wealth, and all  
 For which we live,—the just man gain—a *pall* :  
 Goodness has wept, Genius withdrawn its song,  
 And Vice has triumph'd over Virtue's wrong.

Often have thoughts of thee in silence stole  
 O'er my rapt senses, far beyond the sea ;  
 For thy soft smile is grafted on my soul,  
 And mem'ry sometimes would rove back to thee,

Recalling youth's fond scenes and fairy hours,  
 When life's path lay among the brightest flowers,  
 And my young heart, undimm'd by earth's alloy,  
 Saw, in the future, nought but love and joy.

And I return, and find the beauteous now

Fairer than e'en my fancy could have wrought,—  
 The rose still on thy cheek, but on thy brow,

Tho' slightly traced, I read the touch of thought ;  
 Perchance some hope that blossom'd gay before,  
 The world's cold breath has chill'd, to bloom no more :  
 Oh ! I had deem'd a brow so fair as thine  
 Could never know a cloud, nor cease to shine.

But, ah ! the coldness of the world can chase

The glow of pleasure from the youthful breast,  
 Can dim the eye and sadden o'er the face,

And wring the bosom which bright hopes have blest.  
 I bid farewell to thee ; and may thy ray  
 Of happiness ne'er know a clouded day ;  
 But may thy life in one smooth current glide  
 Amid the waves of Time's tempestuous tide.

## THE MONK AND THE LADY.

MONK.

WHEN first I saw thee, joy was shining,  
 Gaily and gladly, in thine eye :  
 I see thee now, in grief repining,  
 Maiden, tell me why,—  
 Why this change? Fain would I try  
 To sooth thy breast and calm thy sigh.

LADY.

Father, one fond youth believing,  
 I was happy, gay and free ;  
 Nor could I dream he was deceiving :  
 He deserted me.  
 Father, *I have loved* ; and there  
 Read the cause of my despair.

## TO MARIAN.

Oh ! part not unkindly ; remember that years,—  
 Long, cold years of absence, of sorrow and pain,  
 Must pass ere I kiss from thy cheek the hot tears,  
 Or thou canst once whisper, “ I love thee,” again ;  
 And vainly, when distant, would memory pourtray  
 One bright beam of joy from the many we’ve known ;  
 Thy last look of anger would haunt me for aye,  
 And cloud the delights that for ever are flown.

Oh ! part not unkindly. I never can say  
 “ Farewell,” ’till thou tell’st me that I am forgiven :  
 That word,—like the morning sun’s glorious ray,  
 When he bursts on the earth in the brightness of  
     heaven,—  
 Would lighten my breast, though the parting hour’s  
     nigh,—  
 Though I leave thee, thou loved one ! and all that is  
     dear ;  
 For mem’ry may then paint thy dark, loving eye  
 Unsadden’d by sorrow,—undimm’d by a tear.

## STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to bask in the sun's bright ray,  
On a mossy bank, and list to the lay  
Of the warb'ling birds on every spray ;  
And 'tis sweet to glide, at close of day,  
Over the smooth and silv'ry bay,  
Watching the twilight fade away :

'Tis sweet to rove 'neath the clear blue sky,  
When the stars dance out so bright,—so shy,  
As if to mock the night-wind's sigh,  
With no cold, soulless worldling nigh,—  
None but the heart's dear loved one by,  
Whose smile can make all sorrows fly ;

Yet sweeter than all is the moon-light hour,  
When sitting in a rosy bower,  
The soul awaken'd by its power :  
No clouds of cares or ills can lower,  
But love then falls in a gentle shower,  
Like the dew of eve on a drooping flower.

## SONG.—“HOPES OF YOUNG DAYS.”

GAY are the blossoms of roses in spring ;  
Gay are the warblings of birds on the wing ;  
Gay is the sky in the sun's morning rays ;  
But gayer than all are the hopes of young days.

Bright is the moon-beam, as softly it glows  
O'er the breast of the waters, in trembling repose ;  
Bright is a maiden's glance, 'ere man betrays ;  
But brighter than all are the hopes of young days.

Fair is the snow-flake, as gently it falls ;  
Dear are the days of love memory recalls ;  
Fair are the beauties all nature displays ;  
But fairer and dearer the hopes of young days.

## A DREAM.

“ ——— Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.”

BYRON.

I had a dream,—a bright and blissful dream !  
It seemed a second life,—a life of love ;  
But, ah ! it vanished at the morning gleam,  
And proved as false as joys will ever prove.  
Methought I was transported to a land  
Where all we wish will rise at the command,  
Where pure skies shine, and not a cloud is seen,  
Where flowers are ever fresh, and trees are ever green.

'T was eventide ; the sun's last ray had shed  
Its glory on the calm and placid bay,  
And o'er the trembling wave had quickly fled,  
To gladden other lands far, far away :  
I sat within a bower, where roses twine  
Luxuriant with the beauteous jessamine,—  
The balmy fragrance of the orange trees,  
Lulling the mind to rest, was borne upon the breeze.

Beside me sat a lady, young and fair ;

Her bright eye glistened with a trembling tear,—  
Yet not of sorrow,—oh ! no ; none would dare

To cloud the happy brow of one so dear ;—  
But 't was the tear of love : no words could tell  
The anxious heart what that tear spoke so well,—  
That 'ere the morrow's sun should cease to shine,  
Before the altar pledged, she ever would be mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morrow came ; it was a lovely day,—

Creation all around was harmony ;

Sun-beams upon the azure wave would play

Like things of life ; the birds sung on each tree ;

Damsels were wreathing garlands of wild flowers ;

Minstrels were weaving songs of love's sweet hours ;

The bride all blushes, and the bridegroom smiles,

They led the way unto the church's sacred aisles.

There, kneeling at the altar, vows were said,

The lady, as before, was at my side ;

Loose stream'd her raven locks,—bowed was her  
head,—

I turned to clasp,—ah ! yes, she was,—my bride.

But I awoke, and knew it was a dream ;  
 For through the casement morning's stealing beam  
 Stray'd in : the noise and hum of busy men  
 Dispell'd the vision, which I strove to call again.

But I could dream no more,—I could not sleep :  
 That joyous scene had fled for evermore ;  
 Nothing remain'd for me now but to weep,—  
 I felt as though all happiness were o'er.  
 Since then have sorrows oft upon me press'd,  
 Both from a foe's and from a false friend's breast ;  
 But never hath a sorrow caused a blight  
 So deep, as when I lost the vision of that night.

## LYRICAL LINES.

'MONGST all the sounds of melody,  
 What tones can equal love's soft sigh?  
 Breath'd by the young and beautiful  
 To him whose breast is sorrowful,  
     And sad, and drear,  
     With doubt and fear,  
 Tho' music may the ear control,  
 This, this strikes deep into the soul.

Can all the beauties of the sky  
 Compare with woman's loving eye?  
 Ah! no: tho' nature round us glows,  
 It cannot chase away our woes;  
     Nor ease the breast  
     By care opprest:  
 Tho' nature's beauties joys impart,  
 Love's smile can cheer the breaking heart.

## YOUTH.

THE youthful breast, with ardent hope elate,

Ne'er gives a thought that sorrow's storm might  
And, in the prospect of a kindlier fate, [rise,

Sees nought but shining suns and shadeless skies :  
Not deeming that will fade before his eyes

The panorama of this happy gleam,  
Or that the world will scoff at and despise

The smiling joys that bloom in youth's gay dream,  
And raise the waves of care upon life's silver stream.

In youth life's an elysium : the heart

Revels in an existence of its own ;  
Earth's cold and selfish feelings form no part  
Of it ; truth is its essence, love its throne ;—  
And happiness encircles, like a zone,

This realm of bliss,—this kingdom of delight :  
Flowers fair and gay along its paths are strown,  
And sunshine chases all the clouds of night,  
For darkness dare not shade a paradise so bright.

## SEPARATION OF FRIENDS.

OH ! what a pang strikes through the heart,  
When faithful friends are doom'd to part,  
Who long have journied on together,  
Thro' sunny and thro' gloomy weather ;—  
Friends who have stemm'd the tide of life  
Without one word of baneful strife,  
And wish'd for nought on earth below  
But a calm pathway, free from woe ;—  
Not envious of the great man's wealth,  
But satisfied, with peace and health,  
Beneath a humble roof to dwell,  
And share the joys they cannot tell.  
Oh ! sad indeed must be the heart,  
When two such friends are doom'd to part.

## TO THE SEVERN.

NEAR the rapid Severn's stream

I have pass'd my boyhood hours,  
Gaily as the sun's bright beam

Glances o'er a bed of flowers ;  
But those days have fled away,  
Swift, as 'twere but yesterday,—  
Vanish'd like the joyous gleams  
We catch of Paradise in dreams.  
Oh ! those hours they could not stay,—  
Happy hours brook no delay.

I've paced along thy flow'ry side,  
Watching the swelling of thy tide,  
With heart as bounding and as free  
As foaming waves that roll on thee,  
Whose white crests glancing in the sun,  
Then hiding coyly 'neath the waters,  
Are like the smiles by lover won

From the bright orbs of Beauty's daughters.  
But what endears me still the more,  
Sweet Severn, to thy "music's roar,"  
Is that a maid,—my joy, my pride,—

Dwelling upon thy verdant side,  
 First taught my heart true joys to prove,—  
 First taught my heart to feel,—to love :  
 She was my night's most happy dream,  
 My day's most bright and joyous beam.

When, in the peaceful moonlight hour,  
 We roved, awaked by nature's power,  
 Perchance she'd sit and sing to me,—  
 And I would listen breathlessly,—  
 Some wild romantic tale of thee.  
 And now one strikes my memory ;—  
 Ah ! no,—the thought again is flown,—  
 I ne'er can sing now Ellen's gone,  
 But wander on thy banks alone.  
 Thy waves shall chase away my fears,—  
 I'll think of long remember'd years,  
 And bathe her green grave with my tears ;  
 And when my soul shall soar above,  
 To join her in that world of love,  
 • My dust with her's shall here abide,  
 Upon the banks of Severn tide.

## TO MARIAN, AT PARTING.

MAY all the joys that bloom below  
Within thy breast abound,  
And be thy pure and guileless brow  
With rosiest garlands crown'd :  
Yet I no more that brow shall see,  
Although my heart but beats for thee.

And may thy cheek with pleasure glow,  
Thy eye with pleasure shine,  
And never may the shade of woe  
O'ercloud that smile of thine :  
Yet must I leave thy smile and thee  
To roam alone in misery.

When other tongues shall softly tell  
How deep their love for thee,  
And on each charm with fervour dwell,  
Then, dearest, think of me,  
And say, " Tho' all things here decay,  
He loves me still, tho' far away."

And I will love : where'er I be,  
    Though seas between us roll,  
They cannot keep my heart from thee,  
    My love,—my more than soul.  
With thee that heart will ever rest,—  
With thee, when death is past, be blest.

And I will love thee : though no more  
    We meet upon this sod,  
We will unite, when time is o'er,  
    In happiness with God ;  
And there, in universal day,  
We'll fear no change, dread no decay.

## THE WARRIOR.

“Fling away ambition.”—SHAKSPERE.

MARK'D you yon man, with brow austere,  
With furrow'd cheek and sunken eye ?  
Lonely he seems, and no friend near  
To check his bosom's rising sigh ;  
No children's happy smiles to bless  
His heart's deserted wretchedness ;  
No wife, with sympathising breast,  
To share and calm his cares to rest.

He is a man who sought a name,  
And sacrificed his peace for fame,  
And now he lives to rue the day  
He yielded to ambition's sway.

I heard him once his tale relate,  
His soul with glory past elate,  
And he recalled the days gone by  
With glowing brow and beaming eye ;  
The ardent fire of youth began  
To warm the bosom of the man,

As he recounted deeds of days  
 Forgotten, save in poets' lays.  
 These were his words: "Ere years had shed  
 Their hoary honors on my head,—  
 Before old age had dimm'd my eye,  
 Or my young breast had known a sigh,  
 I sought the gory battle-field,  
 Proud of the glitt'ring sword and shield,  
 With firm resolve to fall and die,  
 Or joyous hail the victory.  
 Each soldier's heart within his breast  
 Beat wildly, like his dancing crest,  
 As listening to our leader's cry,—  
 'Charge home, ye warriors, gain or die!  
 Tread, Britons, tread the foemen down  
 Who menace England's honor'd crown,  
 And let Britannia's fame resound  
 The whole wide universe around!'  
 Swift as a torrent, wild and hoarse,  
 Foaming along its narrow course,  
     We joined the battle dire;  
 And many a soldier, proud to feel  
 For liberty he raised his steel,  
     Did in that rush expire.  
 But conquest dawn'd upon our arms,

And Britain's crown, and British charms,  
Again were safe from war's alarms.

A lasting monument to those  
Who fell whilst fighting 'gainst our foes

The living lyre shall raise,

And may their souls enjoy repose,

While earth shall yield them praise !

I left old England ; sought afar

My fortune in another war ;

Years roll'd away, and I became

A husband,—father : still the same

Insatiate desire for fame

Urg'd me along my way ;

War's blood-red front was joy to me,

And oh ! how thrill'd my soul with glee

When dawn'd the battle day.

War fiercely raged ; the widow's tear,

And orphan's, damp'd the early bier

Of those who ended their career

Upon the battle plains,

Without their wives, or children dear,

Or kindred warmly cherish'd near,

To sooth their minds, their bosoms cheer,

Or ease their dying pains.  
 My cottage was consum'd by fire ;  
 I, wild as tigers in their ire,  
 Vow'd vengeance on the race of man.  
 But, oh ! how weak is mortal plan !—  
 Vengeance pursued me every where,  
 And seem'd to laugh at my despair,  
 When agonised I saw my wife,  
 With reeking bosom, yield her life,  
     And sigh her soul away,  
 While her two infants, by her side,  
 Like her had bled,—like her had died,  
     And pass'd to endless day.

I view'd this scene with sick'ning heart,  
 And vow'd that I from life would part,  
 When I again should wing a dart  
     Or lift my arm to slay.  
 And I resign'd my high command,  
 And hasten'd from that blood-stain'd strand,  
 To greet again my native land,  
     Far o'er the waves away ;  
 There lonely tread the forest hill,  
 Or sit beside the gurg'ling rill,  
 And, while my mis-spent life shall last,  
 To pray forgiveness for the past."

## TO EMMA.

'Tis past!—the fatal knot is tied,—  
Thou art become another's bride.  
'Tis past!—the sacred words are spoken,—  
Thy youthful vows forgotten,—broken!

Thou'rt happy: give no thought to me,  
Remembrance would bring misery.  
I will be happy too, and share  
Thy joy,—the smiles thy features wear.

But still 'tis hard to part with thee,  
For thou wert all on earth to me:  
'Tis hard to know thy eye will shine  
No more on me, nor answer mine.

'Tis idle,—vain! I will not blame,  
Nor cast a shade upon your name;  
But warm, as when our youthful vow  
Was plighted, still I love you now.

I will not think on days gone by;  
No more affection's truthful sigh

Can light my brow with hope's glad beam ;—  
Farewell ! the past is but a dream.

Yet sometimes memory will steal,  
And paint me all I used to feel,—  
The parting kiss,—the throbbing breast,—  
The hand, retained, so warmly press'd,—

Till fancy almost deems thee near ;  
I see thy downcast eye,—the tear  
That glistens in thy dark-bright eye,—  
I feel thy clasp, I hear thy sigh.

But soon, alas ! th' illusion dies,  
The charm is snapped, and fancy flies ;  
My heart in sadness beats alone,—  
Love, joy, hope, happiness are gone !

## SONG.

THE land my fathers loved,  
 The halls in which they dwelt,  
 The woods thro' which they roved,  
 The shrines at which they knelt,  
 Have each a charm for me,—  
 A charm that ne'er can die  
 While thought and memory  
 Remain, and years roll by.

They tell of brighter skies  
 And sunnier shores than thine,  
 Where spring-time never dies,  
 And summers ever shine ;  
 Where waters gently flow  
 'Tween softly waving woods,  
 And fairest flow'rets blow  
 In nature's solitudes.

But still the home for me,  
 The clime to yield me bliss,—  
 Encircled by the sea,  
 My much-loved island,—is

The land my fathers loved,  
The halls in which they dwelt,  
The woods thro' which they roved,  
The shrines at which they knelt.

## TO A FRIEND.

My friend, our moments fleetly pass,  
Let us then fill the spark'ling glass :  
My friend, our youth glides swift away,  
Let us enjoy the present day.  
Never should clouds the morning sadden,  
Because bright skies the day may gladden :  
Never should we experience gloom,  
For happy days are sure to come.  
And if our friends should prove untrue,  
With pleasure bid them all adieu,  
Rememb'ring that a friend so small  
Could never be a friend *at all*.  
Nor when our lasses choose to frown,  
Should we the sweets of love disown ;  
But rather dwell on moments when  
Bright smiles shall deck their lips again.

## THE LOVER TO HIS STEED.

My gallant steed, thy journey speed,  
 Swift as the eagle's flight,  
 And bear me where my anxious fair  
 Awaits me with delight.

'Tis on that bank where wild flowers blow,  
 'Neath which the Wye's calm waters flow,  
 And, murmuring sweetly as they roll,  
 Make music to the feeling soul.

Let stream nor mountain cause delay,  
 But urge thou on the well-known way,  
 And thou shalt graze in shady bowers,  
 And crop the sweetest herbs and flowers.

My gallant steed, thy journey speed,  
 Swift as the eagle's flight,  
 And bear me where my anxious fair  
 Awaits me with delight.

'Tis where true lovers wish to meet  
 And whisper bliss in accents sweet ;  
 'Tis where the wild bird sings its song,  
 And where the sun shines all day long,  
 And when the sun has sunk away

The moon sheds there her paler ray :  
The woods around, the hills and dales,  
Repeat the songs of nightingales.

My gallant steed, thy journey speed,  
    Swift as the eagle's flight,  
And bear me where my anxious fair  
    Awaits me with delight.

'Tis where our footsteps oft have strayed,  
Ere earth's false hopes our hearts betrayed ;  
'Tis where, beneath a star-light heaven,  
Our plighted vows of love were given.  
And when thou'st borne me to that spot,—  
Absence in one fond kiss forgot,—  
I'll pour my heart-felt thanks to thee,  
The fleet, the noble, and the free.

## SERENADE.

THE glad stars are glowing  
With happier light,  
Their brightness bestowing  
To cheer up the night.  
Then come, love, and wander ;  
Thy sweet smiles impart,  
Like the stars, but far fonder,  
To gladden my heart.

When the tendril is creeping  
Around my lone bower,  
And the wild bee is peeping  
In blossom and flower,  
My fancy, oft roving,  
Flies ever to thee,  
And pictures thee loving,  
And loving but me.

When the bright sun is sinking  
Far o'er the blue sea,

My mind is still thinking,  
    Beloved one, of thee.  
The fond hope I cherish,  
    That thou wilt become,—  
Oh ! let it not perish,—  
    The joy of my home.

## TO A. TAYLOR, Esq.

I oft', my friend, recall those hours,—  
Too bright, alas ! to stay,—  
When youth was in its spring, like flowers  
Upon an April day.

And still their memory gives to me  
A joy, that time nor care  
Can shade, like sunbeam on the sea,  
When tempests linger there.

Starting to life on some wild wave,  
It glances gaily on ;  
But in the foam it finds a grave,  
And all its smiles are gone.

## TO MARIAN,—WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

MARIAN, tho' I see thee not,  
Thou canst never be forgot.  
Tho' I've been an exile long  
From thy smile and from thy song,  
Every Zephyr passing by  
Tells me of thy truthful sigh ;  
In the morn, when dew-drops rest,  
Spark'ling, on the daisy's crest,  
Thou to me art ever near,  
With thy anxious parting tear ;  
In each star that gems the sky  
Fancy paints thy radiant eye ;  
When the "tuneful nightingale"  
Trills her song o'er hill and dale,  
My rapt heart the notes retain,  
Thinking them a plaintive strain  
Woke upon thy lyre for me,  
Now I'm absent far from thee ;  
When I sleep, soft dreams supply  
Thy loved image to my eye :  
Thus all nature gives to me  
Gladness, because thoughts of thee.

Stoics may deride and sneer,  
 Tender words like these to hear ;  
 But the thought that I shall meet  
 Thee again, and at thy feet  
 Breathe the love that nought can shade,—  
 Hope for joys that ne'er can fade,—  
 Pledge a heart that cannot change,—  
 Wishes that can never range,—  
 Hopes that spring for thee alone,  
 And a life that's all thy own ;—  
 To my breast, oh ! where is bliss  
 Half so grateful, sweet as this ?  
 What can equal these bright joys ?  
 Power and wealth ?—earth's glitt'ring toys ?  
 No : the bliss *they* yield soon dies  
 When love's purer beams arise,  
 Like a star whose feeble ray  
 Morning's glances chase away.

As the darkest storms that rise  
 Clear and lighten up the skies,  
 So does sorrow, grief and fear,  
 Serve to make our joys more dear.  
 And tho' clouds may sometimes lower,—  
 Winds blow keen,—the blooming flower,

When the raging tempest's o'er,  
Blossoms brighter than before ;  
So each care that has arose,  
All the anxious doubts and throes,  
Since I parted, love, with thee,  
When we meet, by joy shall be  
Banish'd, nor revisit more,  
Breasts whose pain and cares are o'er.

## THE RETURN.

“ I came to the place of my birth and cried, ‘ The friends of my youth, where are they ? ’ and an echo answered, ‘ Where are they ? ’ ”

ARABIAN M.S.

YEARS roll'd away, and I return'd  
 To greet my boyhood scenes again,—  
 Conflicting thoughts within me burn'd  
 Of hope and joy, despair and pain.  
 For since I'd left my native home,  
 With high desire and heart to roam,  
 Time still had held resistless sway,—  
 The old were gone, the young were grey,—  
 All things were changed ; and she, whose smile  
 My every sorrow could beguile,  
 Was dead : she died in beauty's bloom,  
 And hid her blossoms in the tomb.  
 What ! cannot youth and beauty's power  
 Claim Death's delay one single hour ?  
 What ! cannot youth and virtue save  
 A being from the gloomy grave ?  
 No : beauty's power is but a breath  
 Before the icy hand of Death ;

Virtue and youth must pass away ;  
 And man, proud man, must turn to clay.

Where were my old companions now,  
 With whom I'd rove in youthful glee,  
 When every eye and every brow  
 Beam'd bright with joy and harmony,—  
 When each light heart flew gaily o'er  
 Life's tide, ne'er to retrace it more ?  
 Oh ! those were days of bliss and joy,  
 Pure and serene, without alloy,  
 And deep, as ocean's deepest cave,  
 And wild, as ocean's wildest wave.  
 And they in memory linger yet,  
 Altho', alas ! "their sun is set,"  
 The hope of early days is flown,  
 And earth's realities are known,—  
 Realities that soon destroy  
 Youth's hope and truth,—youth's love and joy.

I wander'd to the field of death,  
 And gaz'd, with quicken'd heart and breath,  
 Upon the names of those I'd known  
 And loved in youth,—for ever gone.  
 The yew and willow trees still wave,

And shade each green and flow'ry grave,—  
The Zephyrs thro' their branches sigh,—  
The rivulet glides murmuring by,  
With music sweet,—and 'tis but they,  
My comrades, who have passed away.  
But I remain,—a blighted oak,  
That has withstood the light'ning's stroke,  
Yet, scath'd into its very core,  
Can never bud or blossom more,—  
Which every wind that whistles past  
Threatens to overthrow at last.  
Without one tie to bind me here,  
Without a doubt, or hope, or fear,  
My only bliss now, is to see  
Past joys revive in memory ;  
And nought can take away the power  
Of bringing back the happy hour.

## TO EMMA, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

OH ! Emma, grant me one kind smile  
Before I bid my last adieu  
To my sweet, lovely, native isle,  
Kindred and you ;

For know, before this sun shall set,  
I must be on the billows far,  
And then, perchance, thou'lt feel regret  
That thou did'st mar

My hopes and happiness below,  
And all I wish'd or lived for here.  
But thou hast chosen : but it so ;  
Yet, far or near,

Thy name, as long as life shall last,  
So deeply in my soul must dwell,  
That ocean surge, nor winter blast,  
Can break its spell.

And when, in climes beyond the sea,  
Despair and Misery, hand in hand,

Shall haunt me,—then I'll think of thee  
And my own land.

And then, perchance, remembrance will  
Recall the happy moments fled,  
When thro' the vale and wood-crown'd hill  
Our way we sped.

But see ! yon ship her sails expands,  
My boat awaits me on the shore,  
And I must roam in distant lands,—  
Return no more.

Then, Emma, grant me one kind smile,  
Before I bid my last adieu  
To my own lovely, native isle,  
Kindred and you.

## SONG.

SEE! the sparkling goblet's fill'd  
With a bright and generous wine,  
From the richest grape distill'd,  
Growing on the banks of Rhine.  
Then pass the bowl,  
And every soul  
This night shall feast in bliss ;  
And may each day  
That flies away  
Begin and end like this.

Wine will make the old man young,  
Chase away his every pain,  
And the songs in youth he sung,  
All will be revived again.  
Then pass the bowl,  
And every soul  
This night shall feast in bliss ;  
And may each day  
That flies away  
Begin and end like this.

Who would heave the care-worn sigh,—

Who endure a heavy heart,

When the rosy wine is nigh ?

Drink ! 'twill make all cares depart.

Then pass the bowl,

And every soul

'This night shall feast in bliss ;

And may each day

That flies away

Begin and end like this.

Now each heart is fill'd with glee,

And the merry song goes round ;

Naught prevails but harmony,—

All our cares in wine are drown'd.

Then pass the bowl,

And every soul

'This night shall feast in bliss ;

And may each day

That flies away

Begin and end like this.

## FAREWELL !

FARE thee well ! thou fairest maiden !  
Though my soul with grief is laden,  
I will never cloud thy brow :  
Go : be free : forget thy vow.

Still, my dear, tho' we may sever,  
As I've loved I'll love for ever :  
Tho' thy heart's another's, mine  
For ever, ever will be thine.

You *have* loved me ;—I will treasure  
That fond thought with mournful pleasure,—  
Like the hope that we retain  
Of meeting long-lost friends again.

Go : may every bliss attend you,—  
Angels bright and good befriend you :  
As for me, my lot will be  
To roam alone and think of thee.

*Mine* will be a life of sorrow,  
For no hope awaits the morrow :

*Thine* will be a life of joy,  
Thou wilt soon forget thy boy.

Then farewell, thou fairest maiden ;  
Tho' my soul with grief is laden,  
I will never cloud thy brow :  
Go : be free : forget thy vow.

## TO JULIA.

MAID of my heart, I leave thee ;  
 Still, oh ! still believe me,  
 I never will deceive thee,

Julia !

I'd rather die than grieve thee,

Julia !

Grief is its vigil keeping,  
 E'en tho' the dawn is peeping,  
 Thy eyes have known not sleeping,

Julia !

Thy cheek is pale with weeping,

Julia !

Cease, cease those eyes from streaming,  
 Close them, and happy, dreaming,  
 Forget grief's transient gleaming,

Julia !

Think life's bright days are beaming,

Julia !

## MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My highland home, I sing thy praise  
In warm, yet unaspiring lays.  
To see thy childrens' breasts of fire,  
Kindling with hope and high desire,  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

To see the dew-drop glistening  
Upon the earliest flowers of spring ;  
To hear the linnet on the spray  
Welcome with joy the dawning day,  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

To chase the roebuck wild and fleet,  
With a light heart and lighter feet ;  
To share the peasant's homely fare,  
And find a hearty welcome there ;  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

To sail upon the tranquil lake,  
When Nature's children all partake  
Of rest and sleep ;—when all is still,  
Saving the nightingale's soft trill ;  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

And one sweet maid, who smiles on me,  
Adds an endearing charm to thee :—  
To gaze upon her brow so fair,  
And print my ardent kisses there,  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

To rove with her o'er dale and hill,  
Or sit beside the gurgling rill ;  
To join with her the merry dance,  
Or bear her kerchief on my lance ;  
Is bliss to me, and I'll ne'er roam  
From thee, my much-loved highland home.

TO A LADY AFTER VIEWING HER  
PORTRAIT.

I gaz'd upon the colourings bright,  
 Made to resemble thee,  
 And own'd the magic and the might  
 Of Genius' votary :  
 That brow, so exquisitely wrought,  
 I *almost deemed* had harbour'd thought.

I gazed upon the dark bright eye,—  
 Thy soul was beaming there,  
 With love that absence could defy,  
 And hoary time could dare ;  
 And as I gazed in extacy,  
 I *almost deemed* it smiled on me.

## TO MARIAN.

OH ! cease thou fair one, cease thy wiles,  
 Or soon my blighted heart will be  
 Lured by thy sighs, thy tears and smiles,  
 To worship thee. •

And well I know a brighter shrine  
 To mortal man could ne'er be given ;  
 But much I doubt, that tho' divine,  
 You'd guide to Heaven ;

For lost in admiration, I  
 Should seek no other heaven than thee ;  
 And then, dear maiden, when I die,  
 No heaven should see.

I could not wish diviner bliss  
 Than thy sweet smiles the heart to move,  
 Yet chide not when I tell thee this,—  
 I must not love.

The rose has ceased to bloom for me,—  
 Its petals, wither'd, lie around ;

But there are brighter flowers for thee,  
On fairer ground.

My hopes are gone, thine but begun,  
Oh ! may they ne'er be dashed to earth ;  
But be thy life one smiling sun,  
Pure from its birth.

Oh ! may the coldness of the world  
Ne'er cloud a brow so fair as thine,  
Nor be thy joys from life's morn hurl'd,  
To fade like mine.

I've known the world's deceitful art ;  
Its breath of scorn and sland'rous tongue  
Have riven many a truthful heart,—  
Love's chords unstrung.

And I have left the world ; but thou  
May'st own a life of happier hours,—  
Young love to gild, thy path may glow  
With gayer flowers.

My fairy days of hope are past,  
The joyous dreams of youth are o'er ;

My heart, now pierced by scorn's sharp blast,  
Can bloom no more.

And yet one spark of hope remains ;—

It is the hope that thou may'st see  
How false, and how unjust the stains  
That rest on me.

## THE CONTRAST.

SEE the proud scoffer, when his hours are run,  
When, after life's sad course, the goal is won,  
How heaves his breast and quails his dimning eye,  
Convulsive shakes his frame with agony ;  
His clouded soul is trembling with affright ;  
Eternity to be an endless night.  
His pallid lips demand a brief delay  
To own a God, to worship him and pray ;  
But heedless Death still hurries to the tomb,—  
Dark is his fall, but darker far his doom.

Now leave this sight and see the good man die.  
Tranquil his mind, and calm his closing eye ;  
Placid his features as they fix in death,  
No agonising pain or gasp for breath ;  
For confidence in bliss beyond the sky  
Has made him happy live and joyous die :  
He knows the tyrant Death has lost his stings ;  
He knows that angels, with their golden wings,  
Will hover near to bear his soul away  
From this dull night to everlasting day,  
Where spirits, pure and bright, for ever range  
In universal bliss that knows no change.

## PEACE AND WAR.

“ Oh ! Christ, it is a goodly sight to see  
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.”

BYRON.

“ I hate that drum’s discordant sound.”

SCOTT.

HAPPY the land where amity is found,—  
 Hark ! hill and dale the notes of peace resound,  
 The milkmaid’s ditty as she trips along,  
 The ploughman’s whistle and the peasant’s song.  
 See the young damsel, her eye speaking joy,  
 Deck’d out in gay attire to meet her boy ;  
 The rustic youth, with bosom bounding high,  
 To gain a smile from her bright laughing eye ;  
 The yellow cornfields, like a golden plain,  
 Gives hope at “ harvest home,” of plenteous grain.  
 On Sabbath morn the old and young repair  
 To church, to worship God with praise and prayer ;  
 And then return to their own peaceful cot,  
 Each one contented with his happy lot.

Yet Henry leaves his home, this lovely land,  
 To seek his fortune on a foreign strand,

Where man 'gainst man flout high the standard death,  
 And joyous take away each other's breath ;  
 Where war's discordant sounds in fright awake  
 The slum'bring roebuck in the shady brake :  
 The maiden, with the tear-drop in her eye,  
 Cursing alike defeat and victory,  
 That robb'd her of her swain so fond and brave,  
 Now withering in the cold and silent grave.  
 Grave, did I say ?—no grave the victors yield,  
 His bones lie bleaching on the ensanguin'd field,  
 Where died he, fighting for a tyrant's lust,  
 Who soon himself must moulder into dust.  
 Ne'er in that clime is heard the peaceful sound ;  
 Naught but the war-whoop, breathing death around ;  
 No corn-fields wave, blood covers all the ground.  
 The Sabbath passes there unheeded by,  
 No praise preferred to God of earth and sky ;  
 For how could heart, so base and guilty there,  
 Prompt lips to offer up to heaven a prayer ?  
 Or hope, in other worlds, to share that bliss  
 Which their dark souls ne'er strove to gain in this ?  
 Oh ! warrior, be thy praise recorded here,—  
 It is the father's curse, the mother's tear,  
 The love-lorn broken-hearted maiden's bier.

## SONG.—“AND SHALL I GRIEVE?”

AND shall I grieve, because the breast  
That loved me once now loves no more?  
Or sigh that other lips have prest  
The cheek but prest by me before?  
Ah! no, the heart that thus can rove,  
Deserves my scorn, dispels my love.

And shall I grieve, because the eye  
That kindly beam'd is turn'd away?  
Or that no cherish'd smile is nigh  
To cheer me with its sunny ray?  
No: better be without a smile,  
Than fear its fading all the while.

## SERENADE.

THE pale moon is gliding, love,  
Along the peaceful bay,  
And seems as though 'twere chiding, love,  
Our long delay.

In yon blue vault are glancing, love,  
Those orbs so wildly bright,  
And on the wave is dancing, love,  
My bark so light.

Its milky sails are flying, love,  
To warn us not to stay ;  
Then let us cease our sighing, love,  
And haste away

To that bright isle of sunshine, love,  
Where flowers are ever green,  
And where of sorrow one line, love,  
Is never seen.

## SONG.

OH ! youth is the season for joy ;  
No cares of the future destroy  
    Its hopes and its blisses,  
    Its loves and its kisses,—  
Oh ! who is so gay as a boy ?

The miser may gaze on his gold,  
The lord may his broad lands behold,  
    But give me a lass,  
    And a spark'ling glass,  
And I care not for lands nor for gold.

But youth passes fleetly away,  
Its pleasures and hopes soon decay ;  
    Then drive away care,  
    And let us all share  
In pleasure and joy for one day.

## LIBERTY

Lo ! on a plain two rival armies stand.  
 The one, a brave and patriotic band,  
 Fighting for freedom and their native land :  
 Fewer their numbers than the hostile throng,  
 But oh ! their hearts and hands are doubly strong ;  
 By justice fired, in every hope the same,  
 'Tis *liberty*, and that alone they claim ;  
 And, tell me, is there ought on earth can bind  
 More strong than liberty man to mankind ?  
 To give his arm a power and energy,  
 Or draw a brighter glance from his lit eye ?  
 To make his breast with nobler thoughts respire,  
 Or give his step more pride, his soul more fire ?  
 No : he has all that can the mind incite  
 To deeds of nobleness, in fields of fight :—  
 Woman's soft look and supplicating eye,  
 Her flushing cheek and bosom's stifled sigh ;  
 His sportive children, knowing not a fear,  
 But thinking themselves safe when he is near ;  
 Green meadows, mazy woods, and mountains high ;  
 The breezy air, pure streams, and bright blue sky ;

And, in a word, all that his hopes demand,  
Centred in one glad charm,—his native land !  
With hearts thus strengthened, who could ever fear  
The invader's ranks and feebly-utter'd cheer ?

## TO EARLY FRIENDS.

COMPANIONS of my early years,  
 Who shared my youthful hopes and fears,  
     Where are ye gone ?

Why have ye left me thus alone,  
 To mourn my faded joys in tears ?

The bowl that once so freely flowed  
 Remains ; but, ah ! the eyes that glow'd,  
     No more are here,—

Vanished the songs that used to cheer  
 The heart by grief and sorrow bow'd.

The flowers by fairy fingers wove,  
 Cull'd from the freshest grove,  
     No art could save ;  
 For long since withered in the grave,  
 They prove how weak and frail is love.

## SONG.—TO FANNY.

THY eyes, at our meeting,  
Were radiant with joy,  
And warm was the greeting  
They gave to thy boy ;  
I met thee with pleasure,  
I met thee with pride,  
And bliss knew no measure,  
With thee at my side.

We roved o'er the mountain,  
The heather among ;  
We sat near the fountain,  
And heard the birds' song ;  
Our moments flew brightly  
And pleasantly by ;  
Our hearts bounded lightly,  
We knew not a sigh.

But ah ! in the morning  
Of youth's sunny day,

We felt the sad warning,  
Those joys may not stay ;  
And ere the flowers faded,  
We'd view'd in their pride,  
Our young hearts were shaded,  
Our gay hopes had died.

## THE TWIN ROSES.

Two roses on one stem were blowing,  
Of equal grace possessed ;  
With equal freshness both were glowing,  
In equal beauty drest.

But some unthinking, idle finger  
Pluck'd one in early bloom ;  
The other, left *alone* to linger,  
Could yield no more perfume ;

For soon it droop'd, in youth decaying,  
I saw it quick decline,  
Like separated hearts, pourtraying  
A desolated shrine.

## TO FANNY.

YES, Fanny, tho' on earth no more  
 We meet as *we have* met ;  
 Tho' hopes that blossom'd bright before  
 Are now in sadness set ;  
 I will not grieve, for thou art blest,  
 And happiness is thine,  
 And tho' another clasp thy breast,  
 Still *memory* is mine.

I would not wish to see again  
 The eye that beam'd on me,  
 With all of love's delicious pain  
 And wildest extacy ;  
 For now that eye is changed and cold,—  
 At least it should be so,—  
 Yet memory paints it, as of old,  
 With passion's warmest glow.

I'd rather view in memory  
 The love that *I have seen*

Sparkle within thy soft dark eye,  
And animate thy mien,  
Than have that dream of joy o'erthrown,  
By *seeing* thee, to know  
That every beam of hope is flown,  
And I am left in woe.

## A DIRGE.

My love is laid in the cold, cold tomb,  
 And her grave is deck'd with flowers,  
 And my tears shall keep them in brighter bloom  
 Than the freshest of heaven's showers.

If the heart is sincere,  
 There's a charm in a tear,  
 Shed for one that is dear :  
 The sleep of death sleeping :—  
 We could not save,  
 And I must be keeping  
 Watch o'er her grave.

Alas ! alas ! that my love is dead,  
 And her beauteous eye grown dim ;  
 Her form is still here, tho' her soul is fled  
 Back again to the breast of Him :  
 Yes, I am alone,  
 All hope and joy flown,  
 Since my loved one's gone :  
 The sleep of death sleeping :—  
 We could not save,  
 And I must be keeping  
 Watch o'er her grave.

## SONG.—“ I MISS THEE, LOVE.”

I miss thee, love, at evening's close,  
For thou wert wont to rove with me,  
And watch the sinking sun repose  
In golden clouds upon the sea ;—  
His daily course of glory ran,  
Sink slowly from the gaze of man.

I miss thee when the queen of night  
Climbs softly thro' unclouded skies ;  
For then the memory, warm and bright,  
Of long-lost, happier days arise,  
When the brow beam'd with hope, and care  
Had never stamp'd its traces there.

I miss thee, love, in pleasure's throng ;  
I miss thee when I am alone ;  
In sprightly dance, in plaintive song,  
I miss thy grace, I miss thy tone ;  
And as thou ne'er canst be forgot,  
Oh ! tell me when I miss thee not ?

## TO MARIAN.

MOURN not, my love, the days are flown  
When roving, happy, hand in hand,  
Along life's path, with roses strewn,  
We twin'd, to deck our brows, a band  
That might have sprung from fairy's wand,  
So fresh the flowers, so bright their bloom ;  
Yet them had morning's breath scarce fann'd,  
'Ere evening sighed upon their tomb.

Grieve not, my love, that fate denies  
To crown the hopes that once were ours ;  
Weep not that fickle fortune flies,  
And leaves the thorns, but steals the flowers ;  
'Tis but a few fast-fleeting hours,  
And life's short pilgrimage is done ;  
And then the grave alike devours  
The happy with the sorrowing one.

Our joy has "faded as it came,"  
Like sun-beam o'er a placid sea,  
Leaving but darkness and a name

Where light and happiness *should be*.

Is there no distant isle where we  
May find some charm to soothe regret?

Ah! no: vindictive memory  
Pursues, and dares us to forget.

## THE MOTHER.

SHE wept o'er her first-born, and deep was her woe,  
For sickness had blighted her beautiful child ;  
Tho' his eyes were undimm'd, yet his heart flutter'd low,  
And mute were the lips that so oft had beguiled.  
Death was hovering near, but a moment delay'd,  
While the mother a respite imploringly pray'd :—  
“ Oh ! spare him, oh ! spare him, in pity depart,  
And leave me the best, brightest gem of my heart !”  
But Death was relentless, the fair child is dead,  
And the young mother's fondest and dearest hopes fled.  
Oh ! weep not, bereaved one ; for freed from all pain,  
Thou shalt see him and clasp him and love him again ;  
Thy child is but gone to a brighter abode,  
And has pass'd from thy breast to the bosom of God.

## PHILOSOPHY.

WHY, 'tis no use to fret and grieve  
If hopes are false and friends deceive ;  
Grief ne'er could save a single pain,—  
Grief ne'er recall'd a smile again.

If joy but blooms to fade, should we,  
Because of that, root up the tree ?  
No, no : for once, perchance, we 'may  
Pluck off a bud that wont decay.

At every thing I meet with here,  
If good, I laugh, if bad, I sneer ;  
If neither good nor bad, I try,  
Without a thought, to pass it by.

This is my theory. You may see  
From it, that I can never be,  
By joy raised up, by woe cast down ;  
Courting no smile, I fear no frown.

## STANZAS.—TO FANNY.

'Tis pleasant to chase the bounding stag  
As he nimbly leaps from crag to crag ;  
To hear the sound of the hunter's horn  
As gaily on the wind 'tis borne ;  
But sweeter, by far, and more pleasant to me,  
Is to list to thy voice, love, and gaze on thee.

'Tis pleasant to sail on the midnight deep,  
When nature around is ushered in sleep ;  
To watch the whitely-splashing spray  
As it glitters in the moon's pale ray ;  
But sweeter, by far, and more pleasant to me,  
Is to list to thy voice, love, and gaze on thee.

'Tis pleasant to join the festive throng ;  
To speed the gay dance and wake the song,  
When beauties, with their bright eyes smiling,  
The joyous moments are beguiling ;  
But sweeter, by far, and more pleasant to me,  
Is to list to thy voice, love, and gaze on thee.

*Done,*

## A LEGEND.

WILD blew the wind, the waves roll'd high,  
Their white crests danced along the sky,  
Gleam'd the red lightnings, glanced the spray,  
And darkness veil'd the face of day ;

High o'er the storm the thunder peal'd,—  
The earth to its foundation reel'd ;  
It seem'd the universe would be  
Riven to atoms instantly.

Eliza wander'd on the shore,  
Nor heard the yelling waters roar,—  
She did not see the forked fire,—  
She heeded not the tempest dire ;

Her long black hair stream'd in the breeze,  
Her eyes strain'd o'er the heaving seas,  
She thought of him, the young, the brave,  
Now on the angry, raging wave,

Returning from a foreign shore,  
Long years of pain and danger o'er,

With glory's wreath and honor's pride,  
To claim her for his "bonnie bride."

Vain hope!—his bridal couch shall be  
Spread in the bosom of the sea,  
Where coral decks the mermaid's cave,  
And lightens up the azure wave.

Yet his bold vessel gaily flies,—  
The tempest, lightning, storm defies,—  
And seems to say, "I scorn your ire ;  
Howl, howl, ye winds ! flash, flash, thou fire !"

But, fated ship ! thy crew no more  
Again shall hail their native shore ;  
No more their much-loved friends shall see,  
Till time shall be eternity ;

For the brave ship sinks in the wave,—  
Her sailors find a watery grave.  
Yet, is their sleep not as profound  
As theirs in consecrated ground ?

Oh ! yes. Give me a silent grave,  
Beneath the dark and azure wave ;

For let the tempest rage at will,  
It cannot break a sleep so still.

No sculptured stone I need : the sea  
My only monument shall be ;  
For that shall roll, true to the last,  
Till man, his works, and time be past.

But Henry lives. In a light bark  
He nears the land. What sound ?—hark ! hark !  
It is his true love's voice of gladness,  
Yet coupled with a tone of sadness.

She waves her kerchief on the beach,  
Her hand almost his hand can reach,  
When a wild surge, with furious roar,  
Sinks the frail bark to rise no more.

Upon her cheek and forehead fair  
Beam'd a deep trace of dark despair,  
And in her burning, tearless eye  
Was stamp'd the direst agony.

Her trembling lips preferred a prayer,  
Her hands were lifted high in air,

Her glossy ringlets loosely flowed,  
 Her pale cheek for an instant glow'd,

Then all appear'd calm as before,—  
 It seem'd her grief would wake no more ;  
 But in her eye there was a sadness,  
 Would sting your very soul to madness.

“ And art thou gone ? And am I left,  
 Of hope, of joy, of thee bereft ? ”  
 She said, “ then wretched shall I be :  
 Ah ! no, dear love, *I'll die with thee.* ”

I saw her plunge into the wave,—  
 I saw her arm stretch'd out to save ;  
 But a dark billow's rolling surge  
 Proclaim'd their deaths and sung their dirge.

TO  
MISS EMILY T——, ON HER ATTAINING  
HER FOURTH YEAR.

FAIR child, thy laughing eyes of blue,  
 And dimpled cheek, and sun-lit brow,  
 Are bright and beautiful to view ;  
 But, oh ! thy innocence, I trow,—  
 Thy winning ways and childish grace,—  
 The love that mantles on thy face,  
 Are fairer, dearer to my breast,  
 Than e'en thy form, in beauty drest.

Thy little bark is bounding on  
 The crystal waves of infancy,  
 And all is fair thou look'st upon,  
 As if it but reflected thee,—  
 Like that bright eastern bird (the theme  
 Of painter's pen and poet's dream)  
 Whose wings cast off a thousand dyes  
 To light him onward as he flies.

Alas ! I almost weep to know  
 That sorrow soon must be thy guest,

And cankering care o'ercloud thy brow,  
 And grief steal gladness from thy breast ;  
 Yet sure it is that sighs shall be  
 Mingled with all thy gaiety,  
 And every hope be mixed with fear,  
 And each smile harbinger a tear.

This is the lot of all mankind,  
 And none, however pure and fair,  
 Can hope to pass thro' life and find  
 Their happiness unmixed with care.  
 Still may *thy cares* be light and few,  
 And evanescent as the dew,  
 Which, falling at the evening hour,  
 Serves but to brighten up the flower.

Trust not to beauty,—that will fade ;  
 Trust not to friendship,—that will fly ;  
 Trust not to love,—'tis oft betray'd :

*Virtue alone* will never die.  
 A thousand varied chances may  
 Rob thee of beauty in a day ;  
 But virtue is a priceless mine  
 Whose radiance never will decline.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SABBATH  
EVENING.

FREE and unfetter'd let me rove  
Far o'er the waves, or through the grove ;  
And when thy glories round I see,  
Then, oh ! my God, I'll worship thee.

The bright blue vault that spans all lands,—  
And not “a temple made with hands,”—  
Shall be the roof 'neath which I'll raise  
My voice, with Nature's, to thy praise.

## TO MARIAN.

ALAS ! I know that we must part ;  
Alas ! I know 'twill be for long ;  
Alas ! I know that woman's heart  
Is fickle as the night-bird's song.

'Tis true you vow'd to love but me,  
And plighted me a willing troth ;  
I too have sworn my love for thee,  
And I will surely keep my oath.

For tho' in distant lands I stray,  
With all my gayest hopes o'erthrown,  
I never will forget the day  
I vow'd to love thee,—thee alone.

For thou art fair as spring's first flower,  
Kiss'd by the glance of morning light,  
And gentle as the moon-light hour,—  
As brightly calm, and calmly bright.

And thou art good as thou art fair,  
And innocent as thou art good ;

And, oh ! may never grief and care  
Within a breast so pure intrude.

But well I know that soon we part ;  
And well I know 'twill be for long ;  
And well I know that woman's heart  
Is fickle as the night-bird's song.

## THE DYING MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

Is this the end of all your dreams of bliss ?  
 Are all your boasted pleasures come to this ?  
 Can you not gain for me one single hour  
 Of kind reprieve from Death's all-dreaded power ?  
 Where are those charms you told me might defy  
 Age, fortune, time, the grave, eternity ?  
 My fault'ring tongue, my cheek so cold and damp,  
 And my dimm'd vision, tells me that the lamp  
 Of life is near extinguish'd in my breast,  
 That soon my throbbing, aching heart will rest ;  
 For ever soon will cease my panting breath,  
 And I be lock'd within the arm of Death.

Help me to throw all idle thoughts away,  
 And teach me, Arthur, teach me how to pray.  
 You said I never could ask aught in vain,  
 Repeat those wildly blissful words again.

Is this my Arthur's hand that now clasps mine ?  
 Are those his bright blue eyes that on me shine ?  
 Oh ! bless me, love, before I pass away  
 From this dull night to everlasting day.

Is it a tear that's fallen upon my brow ?  
My Arthur, do not weep for Clara now :  
Yet hath she loved you, none can say how well,  
And Clara soon will lose the voice to tell.  
But do not mourn, my love, for you and I  
Shall meet again, beyond the azure sky,  
In a glad world, where love triumphant reigns  
Unbounded, lasting, free from earthly chains.

## THE HERMIT.—A LEGEND.

## PART THE FIRST.

WITHIN a green and shady glen,  
 Safe from the reach of worldly men,  
 Where flow'rets spring, and bud, and bloom,  
 Yielding a soft and sweet perfume,—  
 Where Nature's beauties bright are given  
 To frame the mind think of heaven,

A holy hermit dwelt.

At morn and eventide, alone,  
 Upon a cold and marbled stone,

He penitently knelt ;  
 Grief had implanted in his face  
 Furrows that years could never trace,—  
 Had sadden'd o'er his beaming brow,  
 And turn'd his raven locks to snow,—  
 Had bow'd his body ; but his mind  
 Was strong and free, and unconfin'd.

Many surmised, but none could tell,  
 The reason why he chose to dwell

Far from a world with pleasure rife,  
And lead a solitary life,

With friend nor kindred nigh,  
To sooth his spirit, care-opprest,  
To calm the anguish of his breast,  
Or chase the unbidden sigh.

Some thought that in his early time  
He had committed deadly crime ;  
That, when inflamed with wine and ire,  
He'd raised his hand against his sire,

And sent him to the tomb,  
And after years had pass'd away,  
When youth withdrew its glittering ray,  
He sought that damp cave's gloom,  
In hope that ceaseless prayer might win  
Forgiveness for his grievous sin,

And gain a milder doom.  
Others believed that love's keen dart  
Had pierced his young and manly heart ;  
That she for whom that heart had bled  
Was early number'd with the dead,

And that he mourned her fate.  
But let that pass : none e'er could say  
Why he had left a world so gay,  
For such a lonely state.

By those of proud and lofty mien  
 The aged hermit ne'er was seen ;  
 But to the poor and penitent  
 His ear and counsel always lent :  
 In sooth, and 'tis the truth I tell,  
 The holy man could counsel well,—

His words were sure to please ;  
 The grieving spirit he could cheer,  
 And brighten up the lorn and drear,  
 And give their pain'd souls ease.

Oft at the evening hour was seen  
 The hermit, roving slowly on  
 Over the fresh and daisied green,  
 With downcast eyes and sadden'd mien,  
 As if the flowers he look'd upon  
 May yield no charm to please the eye  
 Fixed on a hope beyond the sky.  
 Thus would he wander thro' the wood  
 To where an ancient castle stood,  
 Whose ivied tower and walls of grey  
 Spoke plainly of another day,  
 When belted knight and lady fair,  
 And squire and dame, and page were there.

Its present lord has seen pass by  
The gallant age of chivalry,

Whose deeds the minstrel sings.

In him behold the last of those

Who fought against old Cambria's foes,  
And in whose veins the rich blood flows,  
And in whose eye the proud fire glows,

Of Cambria's ancient kings.

An only child his years had blest,

The dearest idol of his breast,

And all the hopes his heart had known

Were centred in that lovely one.

Oh ! Laura, who shall ever dare

To paint thee ? Thou'rt beyond compare,—

So young, so sweet, so passing fair,—

The beauty of thy form and face,

Thy innocence and sprightly grace,

The lip, the cheek, the brow's bright charm,—

In vain, they cannot be exprest,—

Might win the coldest eye, and warm

With glowing love the coldest breast.

But, oh ! of late her smile is flown,

Grief in her breast has made its throne,

Her deep blue eye is cold and dull,  
 The once glad brow is sorrowful ;  
 Yet still she told her woe to none  
     Save him, the hermit of the cave ;  
 But oft at eve with him, alone,  
     Deep converse would she crave.

## PART THE SECOND.

List to the shouts of revelry  
     That strike upon the ear,  
 Like to an undulating sea  
     Of bliss those sounds appear !

The beautiful and brave are met  
     In yon high castle's hall,  
 Unthinking that 'ere daylight set  
     What evils shall befall.

They celebrate the marriage day  
     Of old Llewellyn's heir,  
 All hearts are glad, all looks are gay,  
     No sadness lingers there.

Soon every soul is filled with glee,  
 Blithe songs now take their rounds,—  
 Nothing prevails but harmony,  
 And happiness abounds ;

Now strains of merry music rise,  
 And speeds the sprightly dance,  
 Joyaunce thro' every bosom flies,  
 Love beams from every glance.

But where are they, the youthful pair,  
 Who shed such joys around ?  
 In the gay throng ? They are not there,  
 Nor near the festive sound ;

For they have sought the hermit's cave,  
 Alone and silently,  
 His far-fam'd knowledge soon to crave  
 As what their fate shall be.

Still, in Llewellyn's hall the guests  
 Are happy as they're free,—  
 Not e'en satiety arrests  
 Their joyful minstrelsy.

## PART THE THIRD.

The sun was sinking from the eye,  
Through a bright, glowing, summer sky,  
The feather'ed throng pour'd forth their lay,  
A tribute to declining day ;  
Far as the view, all nature round  
Seem'd lull'd to extacy profound ;  
The balmy gale flew gently by,  
The rivulet was murmuring nigh  
With fitful music, and there played  
(Caused by the waving willows' shade)  
A light and ever-varying smile  
Upon its placid breast the while ;  
The wild rose glow'd with brighter hue,  
The violet wore a softer blue,—  
All, all was fair ; the earth, the sky,  
And waters smiled in sympathy.  
And there, upon a mossy seat,  
In that serenely-wild retreat,  
The hermit knelt. His brow was bare,  
Bow'd was his head, as if in prayer,  
While loosely flow'd his silv'ry hair ;  
Bent were his eyes upon the ground,

Nor saw earth's beauties smiling round,  
 And we must hope his thoughts were given,  
 Far from this world, to God,—to Heaven.

His prayer, or reverie, soon was broke  
 By a soft voice, which kindly spoke,  
 "Father, my youthful bride and I  
 Have left the halls of revelry,  
 To seek the holy hermit's cave,  
 His counsel and his aid to crave :  
 Thy reverend looks bespeak thou'rt he."  
 "Children, ye're welcome thrice to me,"

Was all the old man said ;  
 But from his eyes there shot a glance,  
 Swift as a sun-beam from a lance,

And then as quickly fled.  
 He led them to his cave ; its gloom  
 Contrasted strangely with their bloom,  
 It seem'd the pathway to the tomb,  
 The mansion of the dead.

What, what could move his bosom so ?  
 Perchance remembrance of woe ;  
 Perchance that he once had a bride,  
 Snatch'd off, untimely, from his side ;  
 Perchance his thoughts recurred to youth,

To early love or early truth ;  
 Whate'er the thought, it soon pass'd o'er,  
 And left his eye, cold as before.

Far thro' the cave he led the pair,—  
 It was a dangerous, broken way,—  
 Unto a deeper cavern, where  
 There was not felt a breath of air,  
 Nor seen a gleam of day ;  
 A yawning chasm lay beneath,  
 And a stray step was instant death.

And thus he said, “ You come to seek  
 Counsel from me, your need then speak.”  
 The youth replied, “ Some years are sped  
 Since one was number'd with the dead,  
 For whose soul's bliss, eternally,  
 I come to beg a prayer of thee ;  
 And I have it heard it said that he  
 By dark-faced murderers' hands was slain,  
 And if this tale the sad truth be,  
 Thy holy, frequent prayers might free  
 Their spirits from the stain.”  
 “ Thy wish is heard : hast thou no need  
 To ask a blessing for thy bride ?

To bid me tell thee how will speed

Her life along the world's swift tide ?

Ah ! no : your looks betray your breast,—

You care not for that maiden's rest.

No, no : you have not loved, and she

Knows that *I live*, and loves but me.

Listen, thou man of guilt and crime,

Listen to one who, many a time,

Hath shared with thee his daily bread,—

On the same pillow laid his head ;

Who, in thy saddest, wildest mood,

Hath sooth'd thee more than brother could :

Not all the bliss that heaven can give

Could make me thus so wretched live,—

I would not join the throng now blest,—

I would not enter into rest ;

'Tis vengeance,—vengeance I pursue,

And, vengeance, thou shalt have thy due.

Thou think'st that I am old and weak,

With nerveless arm and wither'd cheek :

No : I am he whose single blow

Could lay thee, traitor ! coward ! low."

Then from his form the mask he flung,—

With his wild laugh the cavern rung.

" Ah ! know'st thou me, thou trembling slave !

Would that the angry, raging wave,—  
 'Neath which thy hired ruffians threw  
 The man who *thought* his friend was you,—

Were gurg'ling o'er thy sinking head.  
 That wave return'd me safe to land,

In spite of what thy murderers said,  
 That they had seen me on the strand  
 Ghastly and dead.

I had forgiven thee that deed ;  
 But that the maid, to me decreed  
 By her own heart and wishes too,  
 Should have been bought, base man, by you,—  
 You, who would rob me of my life,

Professing friendship's sacred name,  
 Not in an open, gen'rous strife,

But darkly, like all deeds of shame,—  
 And take, altho' she loves thee not,  
 This beauteous flower to be forgot,  
 Because for her broad lands you sigh,

And when you gain'd them, bliss would feel  
 To see this tender plant reveal  
 The seeds of canker, fade and die.

'Down, down to hell,' thou monster, go,  
 Associate fit for fiends below !”

He said, and with a sudden shock

Had spurn'd the traitor from the rock,  
 But that from woman's lips this cry  
 Broke with a startling energy :

“ Hold, hold ! rash man, is it for thee,  
 However deep in guilt he be,  
 To touch the life that God hath given,  
 Or wield the punishment of Heaven ? ”  
 The hermit's hand relaxed its hold,—

The traitor stagger'd back, and fell !  
 And, oh ! his ghastly features told

His heart could find no darker hell.  
 Still he, as down the rock he falls,  
 With straining eyes for mercy calls.

“ Mercy for thee ! ” the hermit cries ;  
 “ I can forgive, but God denies.

To thee will mercy ne'er be given,—  
*Thine is the punishment of Heaven,—*  
 Such punishment as Heaven bestows  
 On deeds of guilt and broken vows.”

## PART THE FOURTH.

The bridal guests are ling'ring still,  
     In old Llewellyn's ivied towers,  
 Altho' the sun o'er dale and hill  
     Has chased the dew-drops from the flowers ;  
 But every cheek is blanch'd with fear,  
     And doubt and wonder reign around,  
 For, oh ! the cry is, far and near,  
     The bride and bridegroom are not found.  
 But thro' yon verdant valley see  
 A fair and gallant company,  
     With streamers bright and gay ;  
 With shouts of mirth and songs of glee,  
 They speed along right merrily.  
     But, hist ! they stay !  
 Who is that lady at their head ?  
     'Tis Laura !—'tis the absent bride !  
         But who that knight  
         In armour bright,  
         Riding so nobly by her side ?  
 What ! hath the sea gave up its dead ?  
     Or hath Llewellyn's eyes grown dim ?  
 Or is his thought and mem'ry fled !

Ah ! no : he clasps the hand of him  
Whom he had deem'd had died at sea,  
And whom he'd loved so tenderly.

The tale of guilt was quickly told ;

The escape from death ; the dreary gloom  
Of hermit's cave, so damp and cold ;

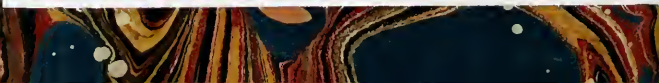
The cherish'd vengeance, and the doom.



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The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring swirling, organic shapes in deep red, dark blue, and ochre yellow, all set against a black background. The marbling has a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern appearance. On the right side of the cover, there is a vertical strip of plain, aged, light brown leather. A small, rectangular, light blue paper label is pasted onto the leather strip, partially overlapping the marbled paper. The label contains the text 'University Southern Library' in a black, serif font, arranged in three lines. The book shows signs of age, with some wear and discoloration on the leather and marbling.

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